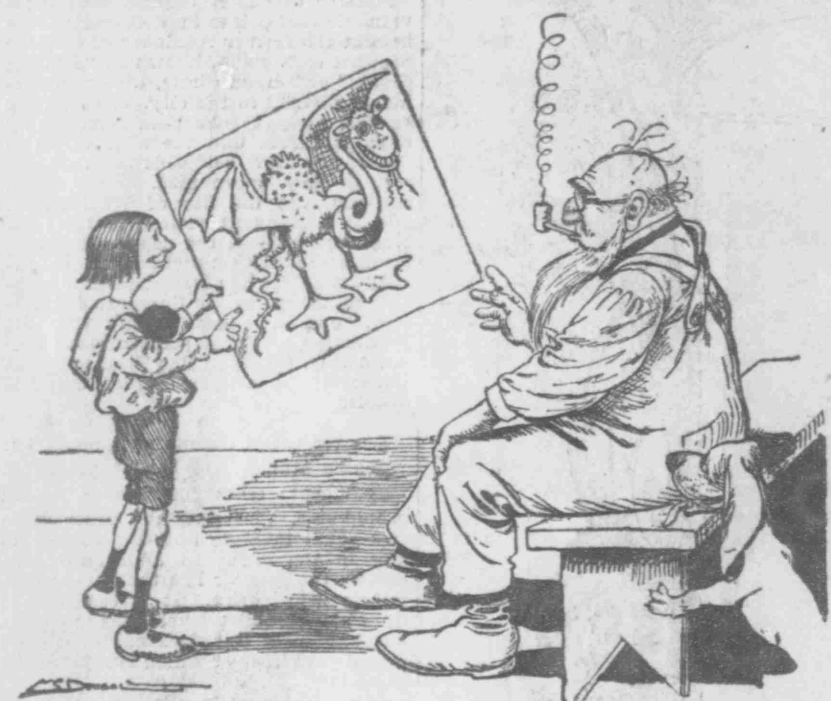




# GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN---By Walt McDougall



## Adventures of Wise Guy, the Boy Detective, Who Tried to Find Out Who Stole His Mother's Jelly



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CALL IT?"

PERCY GWYNNE was always called "Wise Guy" by the boys and girls in the village of Hardrocks because he was continually studying out the reason for things that everybody else was satisfied to let alone.

His mind was always at work on some problem such as the question whether fish ever sleep and when they do, or how the merry cricket makes his cheerful music and things like that and this gave his face a thoughtful look. His father said one day while sitting in the tavern discussing the prohibition question:

"That boy Guy is a natural-born detective and he'll be another Sherlock Holmes as sure as shooting. He was always that way, even when he was a very small boy. Once the cat ate all the cream and Guy just tracked her by her footprints till he found her. And long after that we had a cur dog named Buster that used to steal the eggs right out of the nests. As no-body in the house ever ate eggs, Percy thought it all out that it must be the ornery dog, and sure enough, when he got to watching him, he caught Buster doing it. That there dog would walk right spang up to a hen on her nest, shove her off with his nose and march away with the egg as if he owned it."

Then the father of Robbie Clayton, who was the bad boy of the village, spoke up and said:

"That's nothing at all. My boy is just as smart. When my wife mislaid a bottle of quinine-and-iron she never expected to learn where it went, but my son Robbie suspected that the cat had drank it and he got a big magnet and placed it along side of her and sure enough, she was just drawn right to it and stuck there for hours, for she was so full of iron that she couldn't get away."

"Git out!" said Mr. Gwynne: "you are only yarning. I was telling the plain truth about Guy. He's a real genius when it comes to detecting. I tell you, and I expect great things from him."

### A Mystery at Last

In the quiet little village of Hardrocks it was very rare that anything happened more important than a dog-bite, so there was not much chance, it seemed, for him to distinguish himself and he felt very sad.

He often wished that he lived in New York, where they have a murder every day and a robbery or some other important crime every fifteen or twenty minutes, and then he felt people would soon see what he was made of, and Guy Wynn, the Sleuth, would be known from Maine to Alaska and be as famous as Abe Hummel.

Now, it is always the unexpected that happens every time, and right in Guy's home it happened. One morning his mother made a big dish of hasty-pudding of which he was very fond, and she set it, as usual, on the kitchen window-sill to cool off. She paid no more attention to it, but went about her ironing in the laundry. She saw nobody enter the back yard, but when she went to get the hasty-pudding the bowl was almost empty. She called Guy and asked him if he had eaten that great bowl of pudding, but he said that he had not even seen it, being busy reading "Nick Carter's Latest Case."

He went into the yard and looked in the soft, sandy soil for footprints, but the sand was as smooth and undisturbed as ever, and it had been swept by his mother that day. He searched all about, and beyond a sort of depression in the grass in the pasture, just over a stone wall and fully fifteen feet from the kitchen window, there was nothing to show that anything had been near. Something with wings and nothing that went afoot must have taken the mush, he was now convinced. He puzzled all day over the problem.

The next day his mother made preserves and she left the kitchen window open and a kettle of jelly standing there on the table, but recollecting what had happened she removed it to the second floor and placed it on a table by the window. Guy was still pondering over the puzzle of the loss of the hasty-pudding when his mother came to him in great excitement and said: "Oh, Guy! Now the jelly has gone!" He sprang up and rushed to the back room. Sure enough, almost all the jelly was gone, and much of the crimson juice was spilled upon the window sill as if some great creature had been clawing it out and splattered it over in its haste. As the window was fifteen feet from the ground Guy was amazed and more than ever convinced that some flying animal was the marauder.

He measured the distance from the sill

ther, for he was filled with wonder at his son's smartness and marveled that so clever a boy had ever gotten into the Gwynne family.

"I haven't considered that as yet," replied Guy. "I have been too busy thinking out what he was like to plan to catch him."

He then went out to the pasture and studied the tracks again.

He soon found more of the queerly-shaped imprints, and when the ground was soft or muddy he saw them very plainly and they looked more like a bear's prints than ever. As he was bending over one of them and measuring it with a little foot-rule, for that is always used to measure footprints, he heard a rustle and started up in alarm.

He saw a man with a frowny red beard and very ragged clothes looking at him out of the bushes.

"What are you looking for, sonny?" asked the man, whom Guy took for a tramp.

"I am looking for a Polypuss," replied Guy.

"What the Henrietta is a Polypuss?" asked the man with the red whiskers.

Guy told him all about the mysterious creature which had been robbing them, and how he had figured it all out that it was a big bird-beast.

"And do you ever expect to find that thing?" asked the man.

"I can keep on looking for it," replied Guy firmly.

"Well, that's right. You can't do anything better'n that. I knowed a feller that found an iron nut in de road and he made up his mind ter find a automobile, so he kep' on lookin' and finally he found it. Fust he found a wheel, den a axle, den another wheel, den de body, an' so on till he had it all. I tink I've seen dat bird you're lookin' fer, myself," said the man, and then he told Guy that the bird sometimes came down in the woods where he lived.

"What might be your name?" asked Guy.

"My name might be Albert Edward Fitzmaurice, but it ain't. It's plain Pink-whisker Pete, and I live yonder in that place with Hungry Alec, the Swede."

away, but stopped when Pete called to him.

"He's always thinkin' of them savage Hoboes, even when he's asleep, and he's powerful scared of them," said Pink-whisker. "He allus has 'em on his mind."

"I'm afraid he'll make but a poor missionary," said Wise Guy.

"You're right," replied Pete. "I'm allus a-tellin' him that, but it's no use. He ain't got no more spirit than a mouse. He's only good for a Horrible Example, I guess."

Pink-whisker Pete then introduced Guy to Hungry Alec and related all that Guy had told him about the strange bird-beast, all of which seemed to interest Alec immensely, but he said nothing until the story was done, when both he and Pete laughed so hard that the boy was afraid they had hysterics. Then Alec said that he thought Guy was entirely mistaken and that he was certain that he knew just what had robbed them.

### The Thieving Hohokus

He said that instead of a bird it was a Hohokus, a rare beast, something resembling a man in that it had arms and legs, but its legs were so long, perhaps fifteen to twenty feet in length and very elastic, so that by stretching them out he could reach clear to the top of a house. He had seen a Hohokus, the very first one he had observed in twenty years, in the tall grass only the day before, he declared, and its head, which was covered with red hair, was all smeared with what he thought was blood then, but which he was now sure was only curdled jelly. He believed that it was almost impossible to catch the beast except by some very clever trick, but he was willing, before he and his partner left Hardrocks upon their mission to convert the criminal Hoboes, to assist Guy in any way he could.

Guy was very much depressed to learn that he had been mistaken, but the current-jelly that was smeared on the head of the Hohokus convinced him that he had been in error, and he asked Hungry Alec if he could think of a plan to catch the beast. Alec thought very hard for a

few moments, and then exclaimed:

"I have it! It's quite plain that he's fond of tobacco, so maybe he'll bite at beer or whiskey even quicker. We'll just lay a trap for him. You go down to Hardrock Corners and buy two bottles of whiskey, one bottle of Tom Gin and a lot of good five-cent cigars for bait, and we'll put 'em over yonder in the woods and when he comes after 'em Pete and I will lass him and bind him hand and foot. Then we'll tote him to the village and exhibit him for twenty-five cents admission, and you can have half the money and 'tother half is to go to the Hobo Mission."

Guy was delighted, and hurrying home he opened his bank, which contained four dollars and sixty-five cents, with which he went at once to Hardrock Corners and purchased the bait, the whiskey, gin and cigars. He got back to the tumble-down shanty within an hour, and the two missionaries showed by their smile how pleased they were with the energy he had displayed. Pete took the bundle and opened it.

"We will certainly land him with these persuaders before to-morrow night," said

Pete. "I never smoke, so I can't tell whether them cigars are good or not."

Hungry Alec was taken with a choking fit, which made his face as red as a beet, but Pete did not seem to be worried about him. Under any other circumstances Guy would have thought that Alec was choking with laughter which he was trying to restrain, but in such a serious matter as the capture of a Hohokus no missionary could laugh, he was sure. Finally Alec said:

"I used to smoke when I was young, but when I became a missionary I stopped it. However, I remember all about it, and I'll try one of them cigars and see if it is good enough ter tempt the Hohokus, who is very pertickler, indeed. He lighted a cigar and stretching himself out at full length in the grass smoked for some time with great enjoyment."

"I think I'll just learn how to smoke," said Pete, after watching his partner awhile. "Tain't right, but I'd like to know how it tastes." He also smoked with apparently as much pleasure as Alec for some time, while Guy waited patiently.

"I think the cigars are all right," said Alec, after awhile. "I've thought out the plan an' it's complete. We'll now lay the trap."

He rose, and with the others following went to a deep hollow in the woods and placing the whiskey, gin and cigars on a stump, said:

"Now, you, my son, go away over yonder by that rise o' ground an' watch out along the road, an' Pete, you take your station over by that cornfield while I'll go into the deep woods. If any of yer see him or even hear anything suspicious, yell out and rush fer where the noise comes from. Be very careful, fer he's dretfully sly an' he'll steal up and git the bait right under our noses ef we don't watch out."

Guy went where he was directed and watched carefully all the afternoon, but he never heard a noise nor saw anything but a flock of crows and a ground-hog, and when the sun was almost gone over the western hills he walked over to where he had left Pink-whisker Pete. He found that missionary fast asleep under a tree,



HE STARTED TO RUN AWAY

the Hohokus takes to the deep woods at sundown. To-morrow you come around again an' bring some more whiskey an' we'll try it again, an' I do hope Pete will keep a better watch when I feel sleepy, fer I'm the oldest an' it's his duty. I must go in the house an' go to sleep again, fer the night air is bad fer my tonsils."

So Guy went home, as it was now dark, and told nobody about his experience with the missionaries, but in the morning when they found that a can of milk had disappeared and some clothes that the hired girl had left out on the line all night by mistake also had vanished, he told Robbie Clayton of his meeting with the two missionaries and the awful Hohokus they had tried to watch, and Robbie only laughed and went away, while Guy went to the store and got another bottle of whiskey

heard the most terrible roaring and crashing.

"He's a-tryin' ter break loose," said Pete, "an' Alec is in there a-subduin' him. He's lathered him most cruel, he has, but he's still as obstreperous as ever, an' I don't think we'll overcome him."

"I brought my father's revolver," said Guy, "and if you think it better I'll go in and shoot him." He didn't dare to go in, but he remembered that Sherlock Holmes always shot, after he had carefully loaded his revolver just before he thought he'd need it.

"Gimme de gun," said Pink-whisker, "and I'll go in and subdue him, but I'll not kill him. We want ter exhibit him in town."

We went in and the roaring increased, and it seemed as if the Hohokus was tearing him to pieces. By-and-by he came out and said: "We've got him under control, and he's as tame as you'd want now. He's a-comin' out all by himself, an' it's a good thing we didn't shoot him 'cause, after all, he's a human bein' like us, only half-wild. Went wild when he was a baby, an' has lived on grass and roots ever since. He's harmless enough, now an' wants ter go in the show business, 'cause he's a Hobo Missionary."

Then out came the creature. It looked like a man and yet more like a wild beast. A great tuft of straw-colored hair surrounded its head and straw crept out of the ragged that half covered its body. Its face was all concealed by a mass of that straw and leaves. Guy looked at its elastic legs, but while they were quite long they seemed like ordinary hairy legs and not capable of stretching for twenty feet. The creature came close to him, and said in a hoarse voice:

"More whiskey. More!"

"You've had enough," said Pete. "You can't have another bottle," said Guy.

"I bought another bottle," said Guy.

"Where is it?" asked the thing, in a voice very much like Alec's, but Guy never noticed that, for, like all detectives, he did not see what was right before his nose.

### Took Guy's Money

"I've got it," said Pete, "and I'll keep it until you get over what ails you."

"I had no money to buy more," said Guy.

"That is, no more of my own money. What I have is papa's."

"How much have you got?" asked Pete, anxiously.

"Eleven dollars," said Guy.

"That's just what we need," said Pete, "for the Hobo Mission Fund. Fork it over."

"It's my papa's," said Guy, "and he don't approve of foreign missions."

Pete said a naughty word and tripped Guy up with his foot, and then while he held him the shanty man thrust through his pockets and took the eleven dollars. While they were dividing the money the straw and leaves fell off from the face of the Hohokus, and Guy saw that it was Hungry Alec, not the pink-whiskered missionary, and before he had gone far into the woods he saw him coming.

"We expected you," said Pete. "I see you've brought something. What is it?"

"Another bottle of the stuff that makes men beat their wives," replied Guy, who knew what dreadful things come from whiskey-drinking, and who thought it was only fit for catching a Hohokus and nothing else.

"That's good, but I'll save it for another time or bury it where no one will ever find it," said Pete. "For my son, while you sleep, we caught that dretful critter, the Kodinkus, or whatever brother Alec calls it, and he's in the house a-roarin' an' cuttin' up most terrific. Come along an' you'll see fer yourself."

Guy followed Pete, and sure enough, when they approached the shanty they



THIS IS THE WAY THE HOHOKUS LOOKED TO GUY

birds like the Pterodactyl and their clawed feet. He soon became convinced that some such bird-beast had robbed them of the jelly, and from his measurements he judged it must be fifteen or twenty feet high. It must have reached clear to the window from this spot in the grass over the stone fence.

He set to work studying his books on ancient and extinct animals, and pretty soon he got a good idea of the beast he needed to explain all the circumstances, but it was a mixture of many of the things in the books. He made a drawing of it on a big sheet of paper and showed it to his father, who soon became convinced that this was what was stealing things from them.

"What is its name?" asked Mr. Gwynne, after he had studied the picture for a long time and taken in all the points of the beast.

"I call it the Predatory Polypuss," replied his son, proudly: "and I consider that it belongs to the family of Silurian Saurian-Gallinipes, and I invented the name myself. Now I propose to catch the thing."

"How will you do that?" asked the fa-

ther, for he was filled with wonder at his son's smartness and marveled that so clever a boy had ever gotten into the Gwynne family.

"I haven't considered that as yet," replied Guy. "I have been too busy thinking out what he was like to plan to catch him."

He then went out to the pasture and studied the tracks again.

He soon found more of the queerly-shaped imprints, and when the ground was soft or muddy he saw them very plainly and they looked more like a bear's prints than ever. As he was bending over one of them and measuring it with a little foot-rule, for that is always used to measure footprints, he heard a rustle and started up in alarm.

He saw a man with a frowny red beard and very ragged clothes looking at him out of the bushes.

"What are you looking for, sonny?" asked the man, whom Guy took for a tramp.

"I am looking for a Polypuss," replied Guy.

"What the Henrietta is a Polypuss?" asked the man with the red whiskers.

Guy told him all about the mysterious creature which had been robbing them, and how he had figured it all out that it was a big bird-beast.

"And do you ever expect to find that thing?" asked the man.

"I can keep on looking for it," replied Guy firmly.

"Well, that's right. You can't do anything better'n that. I knowed a feller that found an iron nut in de road and he made up his mind ter find a automobile, so he kep' on lookin' and finally he found it. Fust he found a wheel, den a axle, den another wheel, den de body, an' so on till he had it all. I tink I've seen dat bird you're lookin' fer, myself," said the man, and then he told Guy that the bird sometimes came down in the woods where he lived.

"What might be your name?" asked Guy.

"My name might be Albert Edward Fitzmaurice, but it ain't. It's plain Pink-whisker Pete, and I live yonder in that place with Hungry Alec, the Swede."

few moments, and then exclaimed:

"I have it! It's quite plain that he's fond of tobacco, so maybe he'll bite at beer or whiskey even quicker. We'll just lay a trap for him. You go down to Hardrock Corners and buy two bottles of whiskey, one bottle of Tom Gin and a lot of good five-cent cigars for bait, and we'll put 'em over yonder in the woods and when he comes after 'em Pete and I will lass him and bind him hand and foot. Then we'll tote him to the village and exhibit him for twenty-five cents admission, and you can have half the money and 'tother half is to go to the Hobo Mission."

Guy was delighted, and hurrying home he opened his bank, which contained four dollars and sixty-five cents, with which he went at once to Hardrock Corners and purchased the bait, the whiskey, gin and cigars. He got back to the tumble-down shanty within an hour, and the two missionaries showed by their smile how pleased they were with the energy he had displayed. Pete took the bundle and opened it.

"We will certainly land him with these persuaders before to-morrow night," said

while Alec lay nearby, also asleep and snoring like a bull bellowing, with a cigar stuck in his mouth. Not far away lay an empty whiskey bottle and the summer air was tainted with the aroma of its contents.

Guy cried out in alarm.

"Wake up! Wake up! The Hohokus has been here while you were asleep."

They did not stir, but when he called again and again Alec turned over and said: "Whizzer matter?"

Guy told him that the Hohokus had come while they had slept, and showed him the empty bottle near by.

"Gosh darn!" said Alec. "I told brother Pete to watch out, 'cause I was sorter sleepy, an' now the dern thing has been here an' got away with all that whiskey and gin. I'll bet a dollar."

He woke Pete up with great difficulty and scolded him for not keeping watch. Pete was somewhat cross at being disturbed, and called Alec names which surprised Guy, for he didn't think missionaries should do that.

Then he asked Alec what they had better do now. Alec replied, yawning:

"Nothin' doin' to-day. It's too late, for

to take to Pete. He could get no more, as his money was all gone, but when Mr. Snooders, who kept the store, gave him eleven dollars to take home to his father, he was a little tempted to spend some of it in order to make the capture of the Hohokus more certain. But he didn't. He went to the shanty near the woods where he had met the pink-whiskered missionary, and before he had gone far into the woods he saw him coming.

"We expected you," said Pete. "I see you've brought something. What is it?"

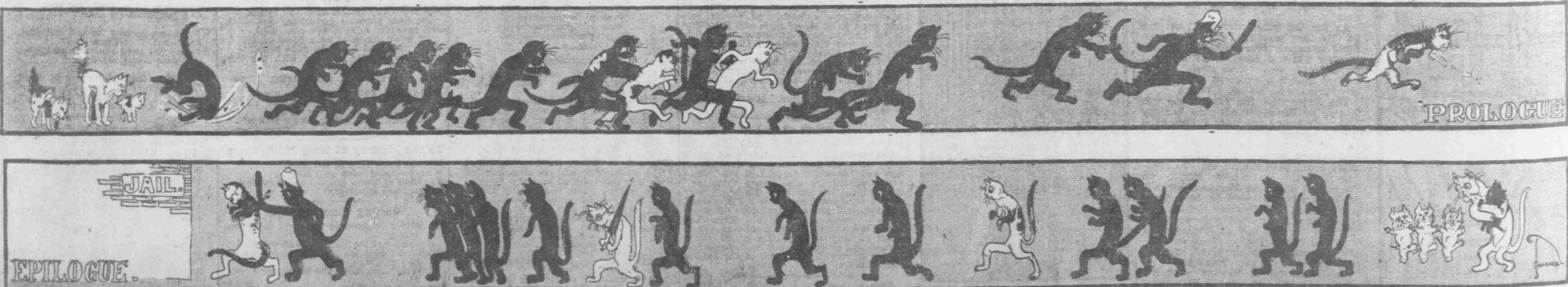
"Another bottle of the stuff that makes men beat their wives," replied Guy, who knew what dreadful things come from whiskey-drinking, and who thought it was only fit for catching a Hohokus and nothing else.

"That's good, but I'll save it for another time or bury it where no one will ever find it," said Pete. "For my son, while you sleep, we caught that dretful critter, the Kodinkus, or whatever brother Alec calls it, and he's in the house a-roarin' an' cuttin' up most terrific. Come along an' you'll see fer yourself."

Guy followed Pete, and sure enough, when they approached the shanty they

WALT McDUGALL

## AN EXCITING CHASE IN FELINETOWN AFTER THE PUSS THAT STOLE THE BOTTLE OF MILK



PROLOGUE

EPILOGUE